The MANY LOVE AFFAIRS of WASHINGTON

MARTHA WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION NEW YORK

THE first maiden to kindle the divine spark in the breast of George Washington was a young lady, whom he called his "Lowland Beauty," and to whom, at fifteen, he wrote some very execrable verses. In one doggerel he tells about his "Poor, Resistless Heart," surrendered to "Cupid's Feathered Dart" and lying "Bleeding Every Hour," for her that "pitiless of my Grief and Woes will not on me Pity take."

The identity of this "Lowland Beauty," who was the object of Washington's first affections has been much disputed. Lossing, the historian, pronounced her Mary Bland, and some are inclined to the belief that she was a Miss Eilbeck, a beauty of Charles county, Maryland, who married George Mason. Others maintain that she was Lucy Grymes, who married Henry Lee and became the mother of the famous "Light Horse Harry," who was a great favorite with Washington, and who referred to the commander in chief as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Those who favor the Lucy Grymes identification point to the affection of Washington for "Light Horse Harry" as a resultant of the early love he entertained for Harry's mother.

Others will have it that the "Lowland Beauty" was Betsy Fauntleroy, and base their assertion on a letter written in May, 1752, by Washington to the grandfather of Miss Fauntleroy, in which he says, among other things, he purposed as soon as he recovered his strength (he had been ill with pleurisy) "to wait on Miss Betsy in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence, and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor."

In 1748 Washington became surveyor of Lord Fairfax' lands. He was then but sixteen. In an undated letter, probably written about the end of 1750, or the beginning of 1751, to his "Dear Friend Robin," (possibly Robert Washington of Chotank, affectionately remembered in his will) we also find allusion to the "Lowland Beauty," "My place of residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, were not my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house . . . but often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your 'Lowland Beauty;' whereas, were I to live more retired from young Women, I might, in some measure, alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion of eternal forgetfulness."

History might have been different had Washington been accepted by the "Lowland Beauty." If the "Lowland Beauty" was Betsy Fauntleroy—and good authorities think she was—she married Ebenezer Adams, progenitor of the Virginia family of that name, and became the mother of Thomas Adams, alumnus of William and Mary college, signer of the articles of confederation, and member of the Philadelphia convention (1778-1780).

The "agreeable young lady" mentioned by Washington in his letters from the Fairfax residence, was Miss Mary Cary, the sister of Colonel Fairfax' wife. He turned to her for consolation and it seems her charm mitigated his "troublesome passion." But Miss Cary had no genuine love for the ardent young man. In 1752 she married Edward Ambler.

After his wooing of the "Lowland Beauty," he had another charmer, presumably a member of the family of Alexanders, who had a plantation near Mount Vernon.

Washington, while in Barbadoes with his sick half-brother Lawrence, met a Miss Roberts, who exerted an influence over his tender heart and to whom he refers as "an agreeable young lady." It would seem that nearly all the young ladies were agreeable to him. Miss Roberts, it appears, was the only one, however, who really captivated him in Barbadoes. While allowing that all "the ladys generally are agreeable," he notes that "by ill custom they affect the negro style."

When returned from his first campaign and resting at Mount Vernon, the time seems to have been beguiled by some charmer, for one of his intimates writes from Williamsburg: "I imagine you by this time plunged in the midst of delight heaven can afford and enchanted by charmers even stranger to the Cirpian Dame," and a footnote by the same hand only excites further curiosity concerning this latter personage by indefinitely naming her as "Mrs. Neil."

It is said that at one time and another Washington had half a hundred sweethearts along the banks of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James, and even up to the gates of Mount Vernon. Perhaps the number is exaggerated, but at any rate we have but scant account of most of the fair ones and are not even told the names of the great majority. This we do know, that Washington was a welcome guest with the Fairfaxes at Belvoir, with the Carys at Eagle's Nest, with the Fitzhughes at Stratford House, with the Carters at Sabine Hall, and with the Lees and Fauntleroys at Richmond.

Through the death of his half-brother, whom he accompanied to Barbadoes in the West Indies in search of health, Washington became master of Mount Vernon. On his return journey he called at Bermuda, where he had an attack of smallpox which, according to Parson Weems, "marked his face rather agreeably than otherwise." He was seized with a military ambition. He had already been a military inspector with the rank of major for the protection of the frontiers of Virginia. At twenty-three he was an aide-de-camp to General Braddock, commander in chief of the Virginia forces. At twenty-four we find him journeying to Boston on military business.

In going and returning he tarried in New York for about a week, on each occasion as the guest of Beverly Robinson, a Virginia friend who had married Susannah Philipse. Mrs. Robinson's sister, a very pretty girl, happened to be on a visit with her relatives. Washington came under the glamour of her glances." He did not spare expense in seeking popularity. He spent sundry pounds in "treating the ladies," with the object of getting one of them to treat him with favor, but all his efforts were in vain. He gallantly proposed to Miss Philipse and donned his best suit for the occasion, but that cultured and charming lady courteously declined—the honor he would thrust upon her. Two years afterwards she married Lieut. Col. Roger Morris.

There is no doubt that Washington was desperately in love with Mary Philipse, and her refusal of his suit was a keen disappointment to him. A curious sequel to his attachment for her occurred in the fact that her husband's house in Morristown became Washington's headquarters in 1776, both Morris and his wife being fugitive tories. History in this case might also have been materially changed had Mary Philipse become the wife of George Washington.

In the spring of 1750 Washington met his fate. Ill health had taken him to Williamsburg to consult physicians. On this trip he met Mrs. Martha (Dandridge) Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, one of the wealthiest planters of the colony. At that time she was twenty-six years old, three months younger than Washington, though she had been a widow seven years. In spite of his ill health he pressed his suit with as much ardor as he had done in the case of Mary Philipse, and with better success. Though her first husband had been faithful and affectionate, he had not much appealed to her imagination, but the big, dashing Virginia colonel took her heart by storm. She favored his suit, and they became engaged.

He ordered a ring from Philadelphia at a cost of £2 16s (two pounds and sixteen shillings), big price in those days, but they could not be immediately married, as military duty called him away. After several months in the field, during which time they saw each other only three or four times, Washington came back to Williamsburg, and there in St. Peter's church, on January 6, 1759, they were married. It was a grand wedding, attended by all the aristocracy of Virginia. The bride was attired in heavy brocaded white silk, interwoven with silver thread. Her shoes were of white satin and sparkled with buckles of brilliants. The bridegroom was costumed in a blue cloth coat, lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimmings. His shoes and knee buckles were of solid gold, his hair was powdered, and a sword hung at his side. He appeared the beau ideal of a gallant and a gentleman.

Mrs. Washington had four children by her former marriage—Martha, Daniel, John Parke, and a girl, who died in infancy. Washington fathered her little progeny, but had none of his own. "Providence," it was said, "had denied the great man children that he might be the father of the whole country."

Washington was fortunate in his marriage. John Adams, in one of his jealous outbursts, exclaimed: "Would Washington have been commander of the Revolutionary army or president of the United States if he had not married the rich widow of Mr. Custis?" Mrs. Washington's third of the Custis property equaled "fifteen thousand acres of land, a good part of it adjoining the city of Williamsburg, several lots in the said city, between 2,000 and 3,000 negroes, and about £8,000 or £10,000 upon bond," estimated at the time as about £20,000 in all. Besides, this was increased by the death of the daughter, "Patsy" Custis, in 1773, by half her fortune, a sum of £10,000. But it must be remembered that Washington's colonial military fame had been entirely achieved before he had even met Mrs. Custis. Washington was worth about $800,000, the richest man in his day.

It has been said that his penchant for lovely women was acutely alive all through his active career. Washington was human, and there is no question that fair women always had attracted him.

In his sixty-sixth year he wrote, "Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is." Therefore he contended that it "cannot be resisted."

Though a lover himself, Washington was not a matchmaker. In a letter to the widow of Jack Custis ("Jack" his wife's son, who had been his ward) he writes: "I never did, nor do I believe ever shall give advice to a woman who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage." And again, "It has ever been a maxim with me through life, neither to promote nor to prevent a matrimonial connection. . . . I have always considered marriage as the most interesting event of one's life, the foundation of happiness or misery."

Yet in a letter to Eliza Custis Bates (the eldest of Jacky's four children), dated January 6, 1796, Washington gives some interesting advice—"Neither shun by too much coyness the addresses of a suitable character whom you may esteem; nor encourage them by advances on your part, however predisposed toward them your inclination may be.

"In choosing a partner for life, prefer one of your countrymen (by this I mean an American) of visible property and whose family is known and whose circumstances (not depending on fortuitous matters) may not, like a foreigner's, reduce you to the heartrending alternative of parting with him or bidding adieu to your country, family and friends forever.

"In forming a connection of this durability, let the understanding as well as the passion be consulted; without the approbation of the first the indulgence of the latter may be compared to the rose, which will bloom, glow for a while, then fade and die, leaving nothing but thorns behind it. There are other considerations, though secondary, nevertheless important. Among these congeniality of temper is essential, without which discord will ensue and that walk must be unpleasant and toilsome when two persons linked together cannot move in it without jostling each other."

Alas, Eliza Ann ("Betsy") didn't take Washington's advice. She married Thomas Law, an Englishman, the nephew of Lord Ellensborough, yet it is said she was comparatively happy in her choice.

Though Washington loved, and loved often, there is no doubt that a good deal of romance has been woven around his early career. According to some, Washington had "a rag on every bush," from the vine-clad hills of old Virginia to Boston Commons. But the truth is Washington was not an indiscriminate lover, nor did he trifle with the affections of women. Despite the efforts of forgery and calumny no deed of shame in regard to the sex ever could be laid at his door.

During the time he was president a Mrs. Hartley is mentioned to whom some say he was very devoted. Yeates says: "Mr. Washington once told me on a charge which I once made against the president at his own table, that the admiration he warmly professed for Mrs. Hartley was a proof of his homage to the worthy part of the sex, and highly respectful to his wife."

ON ONE SUIT A YEAR

HOW A GIRL MAY DRESS ECONOMICALLY AND WELL.

Wisdom in Selecting Materials for Costumes Is the Main Point—Accessories Also a Matter of Importance.

A girl living at home with parents in modest circumstances should get along with one suit a year, writes Mrs. Elizabeth Lee in the Philadelphia Ledger. One year she will buy a winter suit, the next year one for spring and fall. Unless the suit has to be made to order, it should be got for about thirty dollars. She should have at least one evening dress each winter for formal occasions, with one or two others made over from last year. One toilet may be a pretty blouse worn with a plain skirt of black satin. This will answer for matinee, teas or informal evening wear.

Twenty dollars will buy a pretty dancing frock, because it should be very simple only. Then one can make changes by adding a sash or a flower corsage, perhaps. Ten or fifteen dollars will probably be expended in materials for making over the other dresses and paying the dressmaker for a couple of days' work.

Little house dresses a girl can make herself. Four yards of a woolen plaid will make a morning dress. Three dollars and fifty cents will pay for it. Then she will want a separate skirt, $3, and a couple of blouses at $1.50 or so each.

Afternoon dresses of ratine, cotton voile or challie trimmed with a little black satin cost very little. Fifty cents a yard is a fair price. A long wrap—about $25—suitable for afternoon and evening wear, is a necessity, and possibly a raincoat. Hats cost just what one cares to pay for them; $10 is ample for the best one and $5 for the other. Four a year is none too many.

In addition to this list a girl needs for warm weather two or three cotton frocks, a best dress of simple silk or silk-and-wool, costing $15 to $20; a linen skirt and three shirt waists.

If she will watch the lingerie sales, a girl can keep herself neat on $10 a year. Stockings can cost what one pleases, according to the care given them. Fifteen dollars a year should keep one well shod.

For accessories a girl should be allowed as much as a parent can afford for such things, because accidents will happen no matter how careful one may be.

A new pair of gloves may split, for instance, and so become worthless, or the rain may spoil a hat or any delicate accessory.

FOR NECK AND SHOULDERS

Simple Exercises, Faithfully Kept Up, Will Be Found to Greatly Improve Appearance.

It is a great thing to be properly proportioned, and the woman who is fortunate enough to have a lovely neck and shoulders should take the best of care of them. Since the new evening gowns are cut low with a strap over the shoulders, it will not be out of place to give a few hints about developing the neck.

Deep breathing will add more to the flesh on your neck and shoulders than you would be inclined to believe at first. Open your windows wide before you go to bed; wrap a warm, loose dressing gown around you and stand beside the window. Now take five of the longest breaths you can. It is better not to increase the number for a few days, as too many long breaths at once are likely to make you dizzy if you are not accustomed to them.

Leave your window wide open while you sleep, taking care that you are well covered, or a cold will follow. In the morning, before you dress, repeat the following exercises ten times: Place the hands on the hips, resting lightly on the soles of the feet, with the shoulders well back. Inhale deeply, entirely filling the lungs, and exhale slowly until all the air is exhausted. Vary this by exhaling suddenly.

TAILLEUR COSTUME

A smart tailleur of shepherd check cloth, for Pullman wear on the southern trip, has a ripple skirt flaring widely, and flaring skirted smart coat. Two smart buttons of jet and pearl form a pretty trimming, and the collar and cuffs of black faille add sort of a military suggestion.

NEW BLOUSES AND SKIRTS

Chiffon, Lace and Net Retain Popularity for the Finer Garments—Sleeves Are to Be Long.

Chiffon, lace and net remain the favored fabrics for fine blouses, while crepe de chine is the exquisite material for shirts for ordinary wear. To go with the tailored suit there are attractive models whose plainness is relieved by touches of hemstitching and hand embroidery done in self-tones. The work is scattered down the front and on the shoulder.

The cape blouse introduced early last season did not meet with the success anticipated for it. Nevertheless, from it has been evolved a type of waist that shows the superstructure of lace sagging very much at the back above the waist line and giving the suggestion of the page cape, from which it undoubtedly has been originated.

Almost without exception the sleeves are long, and there is good reason to believe that the incoming modes will maintain such effects. The length, however, does not mean discomfort, because the sleeves are cut with increased width from elbow to wrist.

While many of the blouses exploit the set-in sleeve, there are worthy examples of the raglan and kimono type in the new schedule. As a matter of fact, the preference appears to be for the raglan style.

REMOVING THE FADED SKIN

Beauty Specialist Strongly Recommends Use of Aseptic Wax for the Purpose.

"Inasmuch as I am an old specialist in all that concerns beauty and the necessary cares for its preservation, I am very favorably impressed by the growing success of the new process of 'absorption' which is of the most simple nature," says a specialist. "Hundreds of women make use of this process in the intimacy of their homes, and I am convinced that their theory of destroying skin which has become yellow, wrinkled and spoiled must be correct. Once the skin has been spoiled by exposure to the sun or wind, or by the abuse of cosmetics, bad soaps, powders, etc., there is only one way: that is to make it disappear, because it is hiding a fine, velvety skin which only is waiting to appear in its freshness. To destroy the ugly layer of skin one has only to apply a small quantity of pure aseptic wax, to be had at any pharmacy. It has to be applied a few evenings as one would cold cream, and it will absorb the wrinkled and yellow skin. Aseptic pure wax is a perfectly harmless substance which gives astonishing results. This ingenious method is really worth while trying."

New Velvet Blouse.

One of the new blouses made high to the throat is in a beautiful mushroom-colored velvet of very soft and pliable substance, with very narrow lines of mink tail and having a quaint jabot of fine old Brussels point set quite low on the bust. Another of these high blouses is in palest lines of ermine and finished with a beautiful collar of very fine ecru tulle and Alencon lace, with a magnificent chiseled gold buckle set with very pale topazes at the throat.

DICTATES OF FASHION

Cape effects prevail among the wrap styles.

The afternoon coat is usually made of a rich pile fabric.

Black satin linings are being used in the best tailored suits.

The top of the new laced gaiter topboot is either dark gray or fawn buckskin.

Evening cloaks of white velvet, trimmed with ermine or dark fur, are very smart.

Some of the new skirts dip front and back, being raised at the sides, but not showing any petticoat.

Six inches from the floor and plaited to unhampering fullness describes the trend of the new skirts.

Silver filigree effects done on both jet and onyx are observed. These, with pins and combs, which offer handsome designs made of rhinestones, diament or pearl incrustations, are now on sale.

Rhinestone Patches.

Little beauty patches for the face are now covered by a rhinestone which is stuck to them. This gives a most amusing effect, for the patch does not show and the little sparks of light are quite mysterious. This, of course, is not a serious fashion, and is to be worn more in a spirit of fun or at a fancy dress ball.

THEIR CREDIT GONE

Democrats Are Victims of "Spellbinder" Promises.

Spectacle of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation on the Stump Is Not an Edifying One—Will Not Help Party.

Now that the president has taken the stump, and inaugurated his campaign for a second term after the stump fashion—putting things breezily and extravagantly—it is well to note some of the evils of that position. They are numerous, and do much harm.

After national platforms have been adopted, parties send spellbinders through the country to interpret them and pledge their employers. The qualifications for such agents and representatives are not information, careful statement and conscientious regard for the public welfare, but glibness, hearty persuasiveness and a desire to secure votes. Often a spellbinder's amount of information is in inverse ratio to the number of his adjectives. Sometimes a rich vocabulary covers a multitude of intellectual deficiencies.

As a result, all sorts of misleading statements are put out, consciously or unconsciously. Parties are pledged beyond the power of redemption; and the successful party soon finds itself in trouble, and charged with breaking faith.

The Democracy's present difficulties grow out of reckless and irresponsible stumping. Its spellbinders who talked tariff in 1912 either did not know their subject, or did not care what they said. Men who charged the high cost of living to the policy of protection were either ignorant or insincere.

Likewise as to economy. The charge that three hundred millions a year were being wasted, and could be saved in the government's expense account, never had a leg to stand on; and the men who made it either had not investigated the matter, or were willing to use the charge "as a good enough Morgan until after the election."

For illustration as to the effect of such a proceeding on a party employing it, let us take the case of a business man—a manufacturer, say, on a large scale—who should send "drummers" out in every direction, misrepresenting not only conditions of trade, but his ability to fill orders. How long would he thrive? Who would give him a second order after being deceived about the first? When it was discovered that he could not fill his orders at all, or that his goods did not come up to sample, what would his credit be worth? That is the position of the Democratic party.

The Mexican Somersault.

The more the president explains his Mexican policy, the thicker is the muddle he makes of it. The latest explanation, given out at Indianapolis, differs absolutely from every justification offered before. Formerly the president was busy inventing excuses for having gone into Mexico. Now he turns in his tracks and seeks only an excuse for getting out and staying out. . . . It is well that the old futilities should have gone by the board. But it will hardly be sufficient for the president to replace them with the cold-blooded attitude of a mere observer of blood-letting across the border. There are legitimate American interests in Mexico to be protected, as well as interests of other nationals, toward whom we are bound to assume a guardianship under our own interpretation of the Monroe doctrine.

No Time for Extravagance.

If congress had held to the idea of trying to redeem its solemn pledge of economy, the regular revenues of the government would have been sufficient to meet this year's expenditure. As to whether the conspicuous legislation enacted by this congress will be beneficial or harmful there is, of course, much controversy; but there can be no controversy about the fact that you must bear additional taxation. The war brings an extraordinary situation, with special need to husband our resources and with special demands on our charity. Spending public revenues prodigally so that a hundred million dollars must be extracted from the public to keep the treasury in trim, was the poorest possible preparation for that situation.—Saturday Evening Post.

Mistake Follows Mistake.

New York medical men denounce the Democratic "war tax" on tooth powders and pastes as detrimental to public health. The whole Democratic war tax imposition is an inexcusable burden upon the people, and could have been avoided by abstention from unnecessary appropriations. Yet President Wilson advocated the embarkation of the government in the costly experiment of owning and operating ocean ships.

Outlook Not Bright.

On current account the treasury at Washington is showing a deficit of about $60,000,000 accrued in the first half of the fiscal year. Despite urgent reasons for the practice of economy the Democratic party is apparently preparing to increase government expenditures. As a result it is much more than likely that although the income tax law and the war revenue act have been added to instruments in the government's collection agency the treasury will be in a hole next summer.

Some of the "deserving Democrats" Secretary Bryan had appointed to positions in Santo Domingo seem to have deserved a lot of things they have not got—yet.

Democrats profess to see a party plot to withhold the nomination from President Wilson. It is not a plot; it is plain dissatisfaction.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch exhibits extremely bad taste when it tries to write an epitaph for the Bull Moose party. Colonel Roosevelt is not dead.

Live as on a Mountain.

Live as on a mountain, for it makes no difference whether a man lives here or there. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.—Marcus Aurelius.

A Few Fragments.

Only a little of the first fruits of wisdom—only a few fragments of the boundless heights, breadths and depths of truth—have I been able to gather.—Martin Luther.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Not a Real Article.

The last minstrel stopped at a back door and said to the housewife who greeted him:

"Give me something to eat, fair dame, and I will tickle your ears with a merry tale of romance."

"But why not tell me the tale first?" the dame suggested.

"No, I must have food and drink before I talk."

Thereupon the dame slammed the door with the tart reply:

"You're no merry minstrel; you're an after-dinner speaker."

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is mussy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Adv.

Raising Late Strawberries.

Representative D. H. Drukker of New Jersey gave a few friends a surprise one evening last September. He had been discussing agriculture with some members, and remarked that he had enjoyed strawberries raised in the open in his native state. The other congressmen hooted at the idea of Jersey selling strawberries from the field in the latter part of September, but Drukker stuck to his point and invited the doubting Thomases to dine with him a few nights later.

In the meantime he had wired for several quarts of berries to a trucker near his home who made a specialty of late berries. The strawberries came and were served for dinner, much to the surprise of the gentlemen, who found it difficult to credit their own senses.

Raspberries and strawberries in October are now getting to be quite a fad among those up-to-date farmers who know how to do the stunt, which consists in pulling off from the plant the early blooms.

A Puzzler.

The type of youth who indulges in loud clothes and a hat forced back over his ears dropped into the dental chair.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," said the dentist to his assistant.

"Why?"

"How can I tell when he's unconscious?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Awful Thought.

Yeast—This paper says that 50,000 combinations are possible with a new combination padlock.

Crimsonbeak—Just imagine one of those things on your front door when you got home late at night!

A man seldom measures up to your expectations unless measured by the golden rule.

"I Eat Grape-Nuts the Year Round

and it agrees with me," writes a doctor, "better than any breakfast food on the market—unless there is one I have not tried."

Grape-Nuts is scientifically prepared to agree with both strong and weak digestions. Long baking—about 20 hours—partially pre-digests the starch cells for quick, easy assimilation.

Besides, Grape-Nuts supplies, in concentrated form, all of the nutriment of wheat and barley, including the invaluable mineral elements often lacking in ordinary food.

Wax-sealed—crisp—ready to eat—and economical.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

PRISON PAPER MAKES PLAINT

Quotes Mild Mannered Man in Indictment of Society's Treatment of the Unfortunate.

'The Mild Mannered Man sat meditating on a bench, tunneling the embankment with his heel. "I've got a mad streak in me this afternoon," he said, when accosted. "I was looking over a copy of a prison paper just before we came out. There was a little editorial announcement of an entertainment to be given by the inmates, 'under the management of our able director, 3382, who assures us of his best efforts.' Do you get that? 'Our able director, 3382.' Think of it! A man of recognized ability among his fellows whose identity is lost in a number! Look around you and judge for yourself of the difference it makes in the character and bearing of the men where numbers are dropped for names.

"See that boy over there—he isn't twenty. He was the kid member of a mischievous group that, in the way of a lark rather than with any viciousness, broke into a freight car and helped themselves to some beer. A few years ago a caning, or at most a summons to the police court, would have been considered an adequate punishment. Now, under the interstate commerce law, he is hurled into the company of every kind of 'bad uns' for a preparatory course in honorable citizenship!

"Think of him in an institution of the old regime, a mere number, subject to every kind of humiliation and demoralization! As it is, a good, likely lad is damned to ruin because society is too morally indolent and too selfishly un-Christian to do its plain duty in the care of the young. Heigho! Prison is an easy substitute for social responsibility."—Good Words, Atlanta (Ga.) Prison Paper.

Get Much Coal From Manchuria.

Japanese are producing more than 20,000,000 tons of coal a year from mines in Japan and South Manchuria.

SHOWS IMMENSITY OF SPACE

Map of the Universe, Almost Completed, a Most Interesting Scientific Work.

A map of the visible universe, upon which the astronomers of the world have been working for 25 years, is almost complete. It will contain every star which can be found by the most powerful telescope. The number will not be less than 100,000,000.

Some of the stars which will be represented have never been seen by the eye of man, and probably never will be seen. They are caught and recorded by the photographic plate, which is more sensitive to light than the retina of the human eye.

The immensities of space which will be represented on the map are far beyond human comprehension or imagination. The distances of the stars are so great that to represent them in miles carries no understanding to the brain. The size of some of the stars, which have been measured with satisfactory accuracy, is almost equally beyond the mind's grasp. As for the nebulae, there are astronomers who believe that they are further universes, great star groups in themselves as tremendous as the whole visible universe. Yet these nebulae are so incomprehensibly remote that only two of them are visible, as tiny hazy stars, to the naked eye.

The map of the heavens should be an inspiration even to the layman. Contemplation of immensities which approach infinity should be an excellent antidote for pettiness.

Sounds That Way.

Church—I see the average man has within his system the material for 13 pounds of candles, a pound of nails, 800 pencils, bindings for 16 small books, 500 knife handles, 28 violin strings, 20 teaspoonfuls of salt and a **pound of sugar.**

Gotham—Well, I can't see why he isn't a valuable acquisition to any department store, then.

MILLINERY FOR THE SPRING

Some Novel Effects Are Promised When the Warm Weather Makes Them in Order.

There will be many fantasies and ribbons used as trimming on hats for the spring.

The tilted-up-at-the-back line will be notable for afternoon hats. This is again appropriate for the ruffled effects in dresses and the quaint sugar-scoop hats with velvet ribbons and banked with flowers will be in vogue.

There will be an increase in the height of the crowns of spring shapes. Some will be almost ridiculous. There will be two or three sections in many of the browns. This is, of course, extreme, but the tendency is shown in the advance models.

As there is a great supply of flowers of silk coming from England, there will be an emphasis placed on this type of trimming. Several new factories have been started since the war and this will be a steady feature for some time. The return of the floral crown is to be welcomed as a simple and effective way of trimming a hat of almost any shape.

Small military capes will be continued for spring and summer. These in fine and coarse straws will appeal to women who like a smart simplicity of line.

Striped ribbons in brilliant contrasting colors will be used on straws of neutral shades. One favorite ribbon is a faille with a bright border.

A Color Symphony.

The idea of having waistcoat, bag, shoes and even gloves to match is rather attractive, if the color or colors are not too striking, and I saw a woman with a dark blue tailormade and tan trimmings who had carried it out well indeed.

To Keep Feathers Beautiful.

Feathers of the ostrich, soiled and unsightly, can be made beautiful by drawing through suds made of ivory soap, then rinsing and placing on paper in a warm, not hot, oven, to dry.